

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. I.

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## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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BENJAMIN S. JONES, }  
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From the Liberator.

## LETTER FROM FREDRICK DOUGLASS.

VICTORIA HOTEL, Belfast, }  
January 1st, 1846 }

MY DEAR FRIEND GARRISON:

I am new about to take leave of the Emerald Isle, for Glasgow, Scotland. I have been here a little more than four months. Up to this time, I have given no expression of the views, feelings and opinions which I have formed, respecting the character and condition of the people of this land. I have refrained thus purposely. I wish to speak advisedly and in order to do this, I have waited till I trust experience has brought my opinions to an intelligent maturity. I have been thus careful, not because I think what I may say will have much effect in shaping the opinions of the world, but because whatever of influence I may possess, whether little or much, I wish it to go in the right direction, and according to truth. I hardly need say that, in speaking of Ireland, I shall be influenced by no prejudices in favor of America. I think my circumstances all forbid that. I have no end to serve, no creed to uphold, no government to defend; and as to nation, I belong to none. I have no protection at home, or resting-place abroad. The land of my birth welcomes me to her shores only as a slave, and spurns with contempt the idea of treating me differently. So that I am an outcast from the society of my childhood, and an outlaw in the land of my birth. I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner as all my fathers were. That men should be patriotic is to me perfectly natural; and as a philosophical fact, I am able to give it an intellectual recognition. But no further can I go. If ever I had any patriotism, or any capacity for the feeling, it was whipt out of me long since by the lash of the American soul-driver.

In thinking of America, I sometimes find myself admiring her bright blue sky—her grand old woods—her fertile fields—her beautiful rivers—her mighty lakes, and star-crowned mountains. But my rapture is soon checked, my joy is soon turned to mourning. When I remember that all is cursed with the infernal spirit of slaveholding, robbery and wrong—when I remember that with the waters of her noblest rivers, the tears of my brethren are borne to the ocean, disregarded and forgotten, and that her most fertile fields drink daily of the warm blood of my outraged sisters, I am filled with unutterable loathing, and led to reproach myself that any thing could fall from my lips in praise of such a land. America will not allow her children to love her. She seems bent on compelling those who would be her warmest friends, to be her worst enemies. May God give her repentance before it is too late, is the ardent prayer of my heart. I will continue to pray, labor and wait, believing that she cannot always be insensible to the dictates of justice, or deaf to the voice of humanity.

My opportunities for learning the character and condition of the people of this land have been very great. I have travelled almost from the hill of Howth to the Giant's Causeway and from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear. During these travels, I have met with much in the character and condition of the people to approve, and much to condemn—much that has thrilled me with pleasure—and very much that has filled me with pain. I will not, in this letter, attempt to give any description of those scenes which have given me pain.—This I will do hereafter. I have enough, and more than enough, to be disposed to read at one time, of the bright side of the picture. I can truly say, I have spent some of the happiest moments of my life since landing in this country. I seem to have undergone a transformation. I live a new life. The warm and generous co-operation extended to me by the friends of my despised race—the prompt and liberal manner with which the press has rendered me its aid—the glorious enthusiasm with which thousands have flocked to hear the cruel wrongs of my down-trodden and long enslaved fellow-countrymen portrayed—the deep sympathy for the slave, and the strong abhorrence of the slaveholder everywhere evinced—the cordiality with which members and ministers of various religious bodies, and of various shades of religious opinion, have embraced me, and lent me their aid—the kind hospitality constantly proffered to me by persons of the highest

rank in society—the spirit of freedom that seems to animate all with whom I come in contact—and the entire absence of every thing that looked like prejudice against me, on account of the color of my skin—contrasted so strongly with my long and bitter experience in the United States, that I look with wonder and amazement on the transition. In the Southern part of the United States, I was a slave, thought of and spoken of as property. In the language of the LAW, held, taken, reputed and adjudged to be a chattel in the hands of my owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.—BREV. DIESTER, 221. In the Northern States, a fugitive slave, liable to be hunted at any moment like a felon, and to be hurled into the terrible jaws of slavery—doomed by an inveterate prejudice against color to insult and outrage on every hand, (Massachusetts out of the question)—denied the privileges and courtesies common to others in the use of the most humble means of conveyance—shut out from the cabins on steamboats—refused admission to respectable hotels—caricatured, scorned, scoffed, mocked and maltreated with impunity by any one, (no matter how black his heart,) so he has a white skin. But now behold the change! Eleven days and a half gone, and I have crossed three thousand miles of the perilous deep. Instead of a democratic government, I am under a monarchical government. Instead of the bright blue sky of America, I am covered with the soft grey fog of the Emerald Isle. I breathe, and lo! the chattel becomes a man. I gaze around in vain for one who will question my equal humanity, claim me as his slave, or offer me an insult. I employ a cab—I am seated beside white people—I reach the hotel—I enter the same door—I am shown into the same parlour—I dine at the same table—and no one is offended. No delicate nose grows deformed in my presence. I find no difficulty here in obtaining admission into any place of worship, instruction, or amusement, on equal terms with people as white as any I ever saw in the United States. I meet nothing to remind me of my complexion. I find myself regarded and treated at every turn with the kindness and deference paid to white people. When I go to church, I am met by no upturned nose and scornful lip to tell me, "We don't allow niggers in here."

I remember, about two years ago, there was in Boston, near the southwest corner of Boston Common, a collection for the aid of the colored people of America. I understood that some such collection as I understood were being exhibited there. Never having an opportunity while a slave, I resolved to seize this, my first, since my escape. I went, and as I approached the entrance to gain admission, I was met and told by the door-keeper, in a harsh and contemptuous tone, "We don't allow niggers in here." I also remember attending a revival meeting in the Rev. Henry Jackson's meeting-house at New Bedford, and going up the broad aisle to find a seat. I was met by a good deacon, who told me in a pious tone, "We don't allow niggers in here!" Soon after my arrival in New Bedford from the South, I had a strong desire to attend the Lyceum, but was told, "They don't allow niggers in here!" While passing from New York to Boston on the steamer Massachusetts, on the night of 9th Dec. 1845, when chilled through with the cold, I went into the cabin to get a little warm. I was soon touched on the shoulder, and told, "We don't allow niggers in here!" On arriving in Boston from an anti-slavery tour, hungry and tired, I went into an eating house near my friend Mr. Campbell's to get some refreshments. I was met by a lad in a white apron, "We don't allow niggers in here!" A week or two before leaving the United States, I had a meeting appointed at Weymouth, the home of that glorious band of true abolitionists, the Weston family and others. On attempting to take a seat in the Omnibus to that place, I was told by the driver (and I never shall forget his fiendish hate,) "I don't allow niggers in here!" Thank heaven for the respite I now enjoy! I had been in Dublin but a few days, when a gentleman of great respectability kindly offered to conduct me through all the public buildings of that beautiful city; and a little afterwards, I found myself dining with the Lord Mayor of Dublin. What a pity there was not some American democratic Christian at the door of his splendid mansion, to bark out at my approach "They don't allow niggers in here!" The truth is, the people here know nothing of the republican negro hate prevalent in our glorious land. They measure and esteem men according to their moral and intellectual worth, and not according to the color of their skin. Whatever may be said of the aristocracies here, there is none based on the color of a man's skin. This species of aristocracy belongs pre-eminently to "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." I have never found it abroad in any but Americans. It sticks to them wherever they go. They find it almost as hard to get rid of it as to get rid of their skins.

The second day after my arrival at Liverpool, in company with my friend Buffum, and several other friends, I went to Eaton Hall, the residence of the Marquis of Westminster, one of the most splendid buildings in England. On approaching the door, I found several of our American passengers, who came out with us in the Cambria, waiting at the door for admission, as but one party was allowed in the house at a time. We all had to wait till the company within came out. And of all the faces, expressive of chagrin, those of the Americans were pre-eminent. They looked as sour as vinegar, and bitter as gall, when

they found I was to be admitted on equal terms with themselves. When the door was opened, I walked in, on an equal footing with my white fellow-citizens, and from all I could see, I had as much attention paid me by the servants that showed us through the house, as any with a paler skin. As I walked through the building, the stanzas did not fall down, the pictures did not leap from their places, the doors did not refuse to open, and the servants did not say, "We don't allow niggers in here."

A happy new year to you, and all the friends of freedom.

Excuse this imperfect scrawl, and believe me to be ever and always yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

## THE LIBERTY PARTY.

To the few words which we have to say upon this subject, we respectfully request the attention of the abolitionists of the Liberty Party. We are aware that in that party there are warm-hearted and sincere friends of the slave, and however mistaken we may regard their policy, we doubt not they are seeking to promote the cause of freedom. Such cannot close their eyes to the fact, however much they may desire to do so, that the Liberty party is on the decline. They, doubtless, have perceived and regretted this, yet perhaps, will be startled at our prediction, that, in a very short time, it will have gone the way of all similar parties, and the places which now know it will know it no more. Judging from the history of the past, and from the nature of things, we believed, at the beginning, that it was destined to a brief existence, but now there appear evidences of its actual decay, which must arrest the notice of its friends and supporters. We speak of these in no spirit of triumph over opponents, nor from a desire to prove the verity of predictions, uttered at an earlier stage of our enterprise, but because they are facts which demand explanation, and which, we believe, may be used for the benefit of the anti-slavery cause.

At the time of the late Presidential election, it was accounted a striking evidence of the growing prosperity of the Liberty party, that, amid the excitement of the struggle, when so great and sometimes successful efforts were made to win abolitionists from their integrity, and to place them, for once, on so important a position, when the annexation of slavery was to be decided, perhaps, on their votes, to give them for a slaveholder, that party was able to poll so many votes as the returns of the election showed. At our last election, then, when these difficulties no longer existed, and the comparative apathy of the public mind was favorable to its success, the party, even if it had made no progress in the interval, should have polled a much larger vote than in 1844. But what was the fact? In Massachusetts, the pioneer state, where no efforts have been spared, and no zeal wanting among the leaders of the party; there, with a daily issued organ, and all the appliances of successful operation, the number of voters fell, in round numbers, from nine to six thousand. In Ohio and New York, other strong holds of the party, there has been no perceptible increase, and in eastern Pennsylvania, where it has had the advantage of a weekly newspaper, able lecturers, industrious committees, and a fair field, furnished by the apathy of the public mind, relative to the election, the increase was scarcely worth notice. It is a fact somewhat remarkable, that in five years, there should have been an increase of less than two hundred votes. In 1840, the vote for Birney was 107; in 1841, for Lemoine, 108; in 1844, for Birney 237; in 1845, for Canal Commissioner, 301.

As to the western part of the State, we have the testimony of one of its leaders, and the editor of its organ there, that the professed friends of its principles, seem indifferent about voting for them.

In New York the party is on the eve of a disastrous crisis. In the approaching election to form a Convention for the purpose of amending the State constitution, its friends will be compelled to choose between adherence to the party organization, and fidelity to principle. The extension of the right of suffrage to the colored population being the only question of peculiar interest to anti-slavery voters, the Whigs are very naturally calling upon them to aid in securing it, a duty not to defeat the measure by pursuing their policy of independent nominations. If they relinquish this policy, and unite with the Whigs, they will probably carry this measure, but they will lose their identity as a party, and practically acknowledge that it is sometimes right to vote with pro-slavery parties, thus conceding the point for which they have so long contended; if on the other hand they pursue their plan of independent nominations, they will prove that they value party forms above practical righteousness. Whichever course, therefore, they may adopt, the party must sustain severe injury.

There is, doubtless, a combination of causes to which the diminution of Liberty votes may be traced, but we do not think that it is to be ascribed to a flagging zeal in behalf of freedom. A principal cause, we believe, is a want of faith, and consequently of interest, in the party, as an anti-slavery measure. It certainly is not the result of a want of zeal or of skill on behalf of its leaders, but a want of vitality in the party.

In view of these obvious facts, we cannot but hope that many of the friends of the slave, who are supporting this party, are beginning to perceive its inadequacy as a means to the

proposed end. We would ask such, to reconsider their position, and inquire if there is not "a more excellent way," a higher ground of action, whereon they once stood, when with the present leaders of the Liberty party, they deprecated the formation of a political anti-slavery party, and urged good and sufficient reasons against it, and from which they were tempted, by the specious bait of politics, to descend. Having tried and proved the inefficiency of a political party to carry on a moral reform, we trust that they will be induced to return to the position which they formerly occupied, and prove again the superiority of moral over political power. There is our great strength lies. Few imagine that the machinery of political parties can convert men to the truth, or win them to the practice of righteousness. It is admitted that this must be done, to prepare them to do the work for which the party was formed. If the time, the money, the energy, which have been expended upon the mere machinery of this now declining party, had been devoted to this end, how much might have been accomplished, which now remains to be done. A great reformation of public sentiment must be wrought before a distinct anti-slavery party can possibly succeed, and when that change is wrought, other political organizations, which are ever the exponents of public sentiment will do the work, without the necessity of such a party.

In what we have said on this occasion, we have spoken as to the friends of the slave, who have our common cause at heart. We have spoken frankly and plainly, but in kindness, and for the slave's sake. To those of our readers who may differ from us in opinion, and especially to those to whom this article is addressed, we say, "Hear us for our cause!"

## COMMUNICATIONS.

COLUMBUS, 2nd mo. 5th, 1846.

Friends Editors:

The great Whig Convention was held here yesterday, every county in the State except one was represented, the meeting was harmonious, Wm. Bebb of Butler county was duly nominated for Governor; the vote on second ballot stood, for Bebb 153, Collier 68, Fisher 37, Wade 23. In the afternoon a most enthusiastic meeting was held in the State House yard, which was addressed first by Collier, then by Bebb. The Whigs are truly encouraged having a very able candidate who has pledged himself to traverse the state. Oh what cause of rejoicing would it be to down trodden humanity if the Whig cause was the cause of human rights! Even in the state of Ohio we should have this strong man, young, talented, energetic, pleading for the redemption of the bondman. We should have the Ohio State Journal enlisted manfully in the glorious work, and an hundred daily and weekly sheets throughout the State beating time with it and rallying half a million freemen under the unfurled banner of Freedom; Liberty would become the great idea of Whig Legislation in the Buckeye State, her example would be followed, and

"The dwellers on the rocks and in the vales, shout to each other,  
And the mountain tops from distant mountains catch the flying joy.  
Till nation after nation, taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round!"

What a theme to contemplate the result of such an army enlisted under a banner unspotted with the blood of the despoiled! If a handful of abolitionists can rock a nation, what could not be done with such an army as the professed friends of freedom would constitute, if they would but make universal liberty, the ground work, the corner-stone of their enterprise?

But it should be humiliating to men who are advocating the cause of partial liberty to be under the necessity, in order to give a sort of spuriousness to their discourse, to say "equal rights" "no exclusive privileges" &c., when they know they at the same time despise that doctrine. Yet all the political parties do it. I have heard such expressions daily during the past month by democrats.—Yesterday W. Bebb declared himself in favor of the equality of mankind, whether European, Asiatic or African. The Liberty party are for equal rights to all—opposed to taxation without representation, or depriving any one of an inalienable right. At the same time they deny half of the human family the right to vote while they claim the right to tax them, and are, under certain circumstances in favor of depriving men of one of their dearest inalienable rights—their lives.

Thus do we see that practice and profession do not go hand in hand, however great the pretensions to this consistency.

You will perceive the south have carried the day, again, in the nomination of a candi-

date for Governor, whether he be an anti-slavery man or not, we have no evidence that I have yet learned except what he has said since he was nominated. I must acknowledge that in the few words he spoke yesterday on that subject he talked just like an abolitionist. He will perhaps be quite ultra on the subject when he gets up near the lake shore, but anti-slavery voters ought to inform themselves how he was regarded by the anti-slavery people in Butler county, whether on their side or against them.

Second day next is the day assigned for the discussion of the Black Laws in the House, I shall stay a few days longer than I intended on that account.

The temperance bill has not yet passed through, several interesting debates have taken place upon it. The bill provides that a majority of the voters of any township, &c., by remonstrating against the granting of license may prevent any being granted and that the court should continue to withhold until a majority should petition for it. More than twelve thousand persons have petitioned the present Legislature for this or a similar law. When this bill came up the other day A. Foust moved its indefinite postponement. J. Flinn said selling liquor was wrong, and to license an evil was erroneous. He would have the license law repealed and offered an amendment to that effect. C. L. Vallandigham asked the gentleman from Hamilton whether he would vote to repeal and then to prohibit the sale of strong drink. He said that gentleman had got himself into this position.—Flinn said he would talk of the prohibition when it came up—did not seem to relish the idea of taking either horn of the dilemma.—J. P. Cutler was in favor of the entire prohibition of selling strong drink. B. S. Cowan was himself in favor of prohibiting all sales of a less quantity than one quart, but thought the public mind not ready to repeal the license law. S. Mason thought it would detract from the "dignity" of the Court to pass this bill, we ought to repress the greatest confidence in a Court. He was in favor of the "let alone" doctrine. The act would be a fearful—a most pernicious one. The Court by the passage of this bill would incur the stigma of a partisan to the cold water cause!"

The bill was most ably defended by T. W. Tipton, after which the vote was taken upon its indefinite postponement and lost.—Yeas 31, Nays 32.

This bill has again been recommitted and I have a hope it will pass.

Tipton is to be employed again by the State Temperance Society and will endeavor to prepare the public mind for more decisive action next winter. Respectfully,

B. B. D.

## NO UNION BETWEEN SLAVERY AND RELIGION.

FRIENDS EDITORS:—

This is a subject of much importance, and of common discussion. In order to give my thoughts, I will in the first place speak of religion, and secondly of slavery. If God designed when he made man that he should be happy, and established religion as a means to make him so, it follows that religion is right, and any religion that will not make him so, is a false religion. And if it be true that God created man a religious being, (and if he did not, he could not be religious without being created a new,) and established laws for his government as such, it follows that obedience to these laws constitute his religion; and the effects of this obedience, his religious enjoyment. And as man's physical existence requires a union of the mental and physical things of creation, so also it requires a union of the mental and physical laws to govern this existence.—Hence the violation of the one is an infringement of the other, as it has a tendency, in a greater or less degree, to sever the link which unites them. And as obedience to the physical laws, is requisite to a perfect physical existence, so also this perfect physical existence is necessary, in order that the mind be perfect, that it make a perfect exhibition of itself. As religion makes men happy, that which makes them miserable is contrary to religion. Hence the violation of all Physical, Mental, Moral and Social laws, is a sin against God, and contrary to religion. Consequently obedience to these laws, is necessary in order for man to be perfectly religious. For that which is physically wrong, is morally wrong, the two principles being connected by the union of mental and physical things,



and a union of mental and physical laws.—And so long as this union exists, the violation or obedience to those laws will have a united effect.

We come now to our second proposition, which is slavery. Religion we have said is productive of happiness, and if slavery is productive of misery, there can be no affinity or union existing between them. We have said that religion was obedience to the physical and mental, which includes the moral and social laws. As the obedience of laws is productive of happiness, the violation of them is productive of misery. And so far as slavery is a violation of the above mentioned laws, so far it is contrary to all true religion. For God, is a God of perfection, and of order. Hence all his works must harmonize. That which is physically right, is morally right, and that which is socially right is morally right, and vice versa. As the married relation is a social relation, it follows that it is morally right. And so far as slavery is a violation of this relation, it is irreligious. As the relation between parents and children is a social relation, it is morally right. Hence under the influence of moral law, they are raised up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Slavery separates husband and wife, parents and children, consequently it is immoral, and irreligious. Inasmuch as slavery makes goods and chattels, of the disciples of Christ; it makes goods and chattels of Him; "For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" consequently it is morally wrong. As the interests of slavery force men and women to commit adultery, it is immoral, a violation of the social laws, and contrary to religion. Slavery, for the purpose of keeping its subjects in bondage bores out the eyes of their intellect, ties its victims and lacerates their backs, screws off their nails, hand cuffs and throws them into dungeons, and sometimes takes the life of one as an example to others. It works them eighteen hours per day, and limits them to a peck of corn a week. All of this is a violation of physical and mental laws; which is morally wrong, and irreligious, that being morally wrong, which is physically wrong. And as the soul, spirit, or mind, is united to man's physical organization; the effects of the violation of the laws established for the government of man, during the existence of this union, must be a united effect.

Slavery is as black as hell! and as foreign from religion. It begets idleness in the slave holder; and idleness begets all other abominations. The Creator can glory in his works, but man cannot glorify him, except he has volition or the power of choice. It follows then as slavery robs its subjects of this volition or choice, that it is contrary to all moral principle, and true religion. It is contrary to every principle of humanity. It is as black as the blackness of darkness! You cannot touch it without being infected with its poison.

AARON DALBEY.

#### FREE PRODUCE.

Friends Editors:

In your paper of the 9th ult. is an answer by "L." to the queries published some weeks since, whether come-outism embraced abstinence from slave labor produce, and whether the use of such productions was consistent for an Ohio abolitionist. This answer deserves a passing notice. I should indeed regret to build up and undertake to sustain a society upon so slender a foundation which the logic of a mere school boy could easily undermine. I am interested, and deeply interested, in having the A. S. Society established upon sure and tenable grounds. I am an abolitionist, and am bound to defend the cause. But were I to take the course pursued by many, and pronounce those pro-slavery who do not come up to my standard, I should certainly denounce my friend L. and all who agree with him as being quite as pro-slavery as either of the American churches or the political parties, as such.

I want no one to assent to any proposition till its truth be made apparent, wherefore would I caution abolitionists to not take the conclusions of L. upon trust.

I understand him to mean that I may consistently and innocently purchase of the horse thief a stolen horse at half price, provided I will loan him to a neighbor to ride out in pursuit of the thief. I may, by rendering to the freebooter a small compensation, receive and keep a repository of his plunder, provided always, that I make free use of the proceeds of this treasure in trying to convert men to honesty. I may monopolize all the rum trade (with the consent of the wives and children of the drunkard) and appropriate the proceeds faithfully to the temperance cause. Or I may take of the slaveholder his ill-gotten gains and appropriate them to my use.

The abolitionist says to the Louisiana slave holder "you wretch," "you are a robber—worse than a highway robber"—"you have

stolen that keg of rice from that man—you had no right to it—it is his and you owe him besides—how dare you take it from him in defiance of heaven and of justice?" "But how much will you take for it?" We abolitionists regard the man who would thus rob the slave of his just right as a base villain, but after you have got the article there is no inconsistency in our purchasing it of you.—"We don't want you to steal any more, the vengeance of heaven is upon you if you do, yet should you get any more plunder, you may rely on it we shall have no scruple in purchasing of you; you have a sure market with us for all you can whip out of your slaves; poor things how we pity them!"

Your correspondent predicates his right to the use of the fruits of the toil of the slave, upon the fact that he recognizes the true owners claim to it. How does he recognize the slave's right to the article? Is it by paying the master for it? L. has a hard task, I should think, when he undertakes to prove that there is no recognition of the right of ownership manifested by the buyer toward the seller, when he purchases of the latter that which he could get elsewhere or do without—when he voluntarily purchases it and pays the seller for it.

L. supposes if the slave understood that an abolitionist was using the fruits of his labor, and at the same time using his exertions for his benefit &c., he would thank him for his course. He would thank us for doing that which sustains slavery, and without which it could not exist, would he? How the plundered traveller would thank us to purchase of the foot pad the goods he had wrested from him, providing we were publishing or lecturing against robbery! Suppose L. had a brother or a father pining in chains on the south bank of the Ohio, who was compelled to manufacture shoes, and suppose L. to be the only man to whom the oppressor of his relation could sell his shoes, would he patronize the establishment? The agency of the purchaser would be about as essential to the continuance of the oppression of that man as would the owner.

L. seems to go upon the principle of doing evil that good may come; for while he acknowledges it to be wrong to use slave products without laboring for his good, he thinks that to do that wrong with a view to more good, is justifiable and right. What wrong could we not do under a similar plea? Certainly the slave holder can under this plea do his part of the oppression, and he says he does it "for the benefit of the slave." I believe the position of the slaveholder the more justifiable. He is probably unable to labor and take care of himself, though he thinks he can manage and get taken care of without much additional burthen to the slave. But your correspondent has less interest in doing his part towards holding the slave in bondage. He would not suffer by refusing to partake of these productions.

Slaveholders, generally, of whom he (L.) obtains his goods are very cruel. Now would it not be better that he should go to the south and hold the slaves himself, and use them well, and thus have the same articles produced with less suffering? Certainly the slaves would in that case "thank" him much more than while he was paying an austere and cruel master for the fruits of their suffering and toil which L. now agrees to receive. L. is correct in saying it is our duty to furnish the slaveholder with the necessities of life. But to purchase of the highwayman his booty, or to feed him when he is hungry, are very different acts, and I hope L. has perception enough to see that the one would be a sanction of his crimes, whilst the other would be a conformity to the dictates of humanity and would not support slavery. It would be very easy to say we bought this booty as the property of the poor plundered traveller, but the effect would not be altered by such a construction of the act, and the character of the act is determined by the effect which it is known to produce. The effect is, and must be to uphold slavery and this no intelligent man will deny. Now if we can consistently uphold slavery in one way, why not in any other way?

If we can with impunity use the proceeds of slave labor, are there any species of stolen goods, or the fruits of any system of wrong under the sun which we cannot innocently purchase and use? I will not take time to refer to a few minor points raised by L., such as that we may receive stolen goods under certain circumstances &c. If the reader does not see their fallacy upon their face he will find them answered above.

Comeouterism then consists in cutting loose all the small ligaments which bind us to slavery which that institution can easily spare, but leaving untouched the great jugular vein, (the market) by which it lives, and moves, and has its being.

POSTAGE.—The Legislature of Pennsylvania has adopted resolutions against any increase in the rates of postage.

#### ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, FEBRUARY 12, 1862.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

#### AN ARKANSAS TRAGEDY.

On the night of the 22nd ult. a most cowardly murder was perpetrated on the wife of Shadrach Nichols and their daughter, aged eight years, and a son four years old, on Hickory Ridge, a short distance from Helena, Ark. while Mr. Nichols was on a hunting expedition. Suspicion fell on Nelson, a yellow boy, belonging to Mr. Bowman, who is a near neighbor to Mr. Nichols. The boy was brought to town and lodged in jail, where he confessed his guilt. We let the Helena Journal tell the rest of this dreadful tale:

The boy stated that he first went to the house of Mr. Nichols a week ago last Monday, looked through the window and saw that Mrs. Nichols had not retired but was sitting up engaged in sewing. He then returned home, and after waiting some time, so that she could be asleep, he went again and murdered her by breaking her skull with a board, and then killed the two children because they awoke! There were still two children in the house, one about eight years old, a daughter of J. Sebastian, Esq. and niece to the lady murdered, and the other a little son of Mr. Nichols. The fiend then passed his hand over the faces of these two to see if they were awake.

The boy was still asleep, and as he supposed the little girl was also, as she moved not; but in this he was mistaken, as the little child had courage and presence of mind enough to lie perfectly still, watch her opportunity and slip from the bed and escape to her father's house, which was not very far and give the alarm. Before any one could reach the house, however, the assassin had fled.

But the most hellish part remains yet to be told. This incarnate hell-hound ravished the lady after breaking her skull! Hard as this is to believe, it is no fiction, no phantom of imagination; would to God it was. The dead body was examined by ladies, and the above is the verdict rendered to the Coroner.

The people of Hickory Ridge, on hearing all the facts, became furious. The cry of "burn the murderer" ran from one to the other. They suddenly became calm, determined and resolute as to their purposes, which must have been still more awful to the murderous wretch, could he have observed it. They armed themselves with gun and knife, came to town last Saturday, coolly and deliberately broke open the jail door, knocked off the chains of the prisoner, and with a rope round his neck, carried him to a distance of about 20 miles.

They then formed a Court, called a Jury, went through a trial, and found the murderer guilty. He was to be burned! The next day (Sunday) they chained him to a tree, had the wood around him so as to roast him by degrees, and had kindled the fire. But this was too terrible a death for the spectators to witness even on that bloody fiend. The cry arose to hang him; and he too joined the cry. They did hang him on the gallows—they hung him covered with the same bloody shirt in which he committed the awful deed.

#### COMMENTS.

The horrible incidents related above have suggested a few thoughts in relation to the probable motives which led to the perpetration of the act, the character of the crime, and the amount of guilt incurred by the actor.

The act was committed by "a yellow boy belonging to Mr. Bowman." It seems then by the plantation phraseology here used that the murderer was a slave; that although Deity had stamped its glorious impress upon his soul, he was held and regarded by those among whom he lived as an article of merchandise. That although created with upward tendencies, with keen susceptibility of pain and pleasure, of joy and sorrow; with feelings, which if rightly directed would make earth a paradise to him, if perverted, a hell; having in short all the attributes with which he is invested upon whom rests the mantle of humanity; those aspirations were repressed, those feelings blunted, those glorious attributes crushed and fettered; and his degradation not only justified by the laws of the land in which he lived, but sanctified by the church of that land. He had doubtless felt the bitterness of his lot, had felt the iron of slavery enter his soul; and if oppression makes even a wise man mad, would it not light up the lurid fires of vengeance in the bosom of one who had been debased from knowledge that he might be more readily enslaved?—If the impotent worm turns upon the heel that crushes it, will not the unregenerate heart of the down-trodden man turn upon the oppressor? If we could but raise the curtain which shuts out his sorrows from the gaze of the world, if we could but look into the depths of that anguish-riven heart and see the emotions which filled it almost to bursting, we should then be able to appreciate in some measure the motives which prompted the acts of which he was guilty. We should perchance learn that his wife had been torn from his embrace and forced to pander to the lusts of a brutal tyrant; or that his daughter had been dragged from his lowly hut to be the paramour of her master, or some other master's friends; that his son had been

hunted to death with blood hounds, or his little children sold forever from his sight.—The condition in which he was placed rendered him liable to any or all of these outrages, for slavery wars upon the tenderest and holiest feelings of man's nature; it is itself a system of war which is in point of meanness and cruelty without a parallel. Although the aggressor may not in every case realize this, but expect from his slave the attachment of a dog to his master, yet the latter knows it to be so, and feels that the laws of war upon which his master acts, justify the slave in human butchery, in killing and destroying everybody and everything that is identified with his enemies.

In relation to the character of the crime, we freely admit that it was a most atrocious murder, yet receiving as true all the charges preferred, do they equal in enormity the sum of all villainies,—slavery? Ask Shadrach Nichols whether he would rather that the murderer had committed the deed he did, or carried off his wife, retained her as his property, used her for the vilest purposes, and exposed her to all the outrages and insults to which the slave woman of the South is exposed, a victim to the lust of every "incarnate hell hound," to use the language of the Helena Journal. Ask him if he would not rather that the spirits of his little children should return thus early to the bosom of their Father God, unstained with crime, unmarked by wrong, than to know that the weight of slavery's chains were crushing them to the very dust, that their infantile minds were denied the gift of intellectual and moral light, that they were doomed to grope in darkness to the grave, and bequeath to their posterity the same terrible fate. Let the answer of that husband and father decide whether the crime of Mr. Bowman's yellow boy, or of him who holds his fellow man in slavery be more atrocious.

In relation to the amount of guilt incurred by the actor, we must bring to bear those considerations which in other cases we rightfully allow to aid in determining our judgment.—We feel that it would be grossly unjust to condemn as severely the New Zealand man-eater who has been taught to believe cannibalism right, as a New Zealand man-eater in whose country the opposite doctrine prevails. Let us apply this principle to the case before us, and remember that the school in which Mr. Bowman's yellow boy learned morality was well calculated to make him a villain of the blackest dye, if he followed the practical teachings of those in authority over him.—They taught him, and illustrated their doctrine upon himself, that it was right to steal, not horses, but men, and murder the soul as well as to torture and destroy the body. What better could be expected of him than that for which they condemned him? The relation which society had established between him and his master, denied to him the right of learning his duty toward man and the Creator of man. A degraded, brutalized being was what slavery strove to make him, and she succeeded, so far, at least as to deprive him of the restraints which a correct education would have thrown around him, and leave his animal nature unchecked. They who made him a slave, who established the degrading relation between his master and himself, sowed the seed of that harvest which they have now reaped. We not unfrequently read of murders committed by slaves, and in every instance, so far as we remember, there is an attempt made to prejudice the public mind against the offenders by carefully keeping out of sight the circumstances which might mitigate the criminality of their conduct, and such circumstances, might always be found, even if there existed no other, in the fact of their enslavement, the robbery of their humanity, the denial of their manhood.

There is another thought suggested by the occurrence which demands expression, and that is the summary manner in which the accused was executed, and the day on which the mob murdered him. If "Mr. Bowman's yellow boy" were "the bloody fiend," "the incarnate hell hound" he is represented, yet that is no reason why he should be deprived of his legal rights, and even the laws of the slave holding South give him the right of trial, and he was placed in jail to await it.—But he was taken from the prison by an infuriated mob, who were so eager to do justice that they violated the laws, and laughed authority to scorn, and became in their turn, every soul of them, murderers. They instituted a sham court, hurried through his mock trial, and illegally condemned him to be burned before a slow fire. The day chosen for what may most emphatically be termed their hellish outrage, was Sunday! Perhaps some of the men engaged in it, professed to be good christians and greatly to regard the Sabbath, and were members of some of the numerous Sabbath conventions which have been held in the Southern States. That their victim was not burned as they designed, was not owing to any pity for him, but to avoid giving too great a shock to their

own sensitiveness. Hanging was substituted for burning, and thus closed the second act of the "Arkansas Tragedy," and for aught that we can learn to the contrary, with the full approval of the Helena Journal; and probably most of the southern, and many of the northern prints will have no word of condemnation save for the poor wretch, who, although he may have deeply sinned, was deeply sinned against.

#### DESPICABLE.

It has been said, and with some truth, that labor-saving machinery instead of being a benefit to mankind is a curse as it is generally applied, for it is in the hands of the oppressor, and under the control of the capitalist. Every discovery of man, all that his inventive genius calls into being, is at once converted into a fetter for the limbs of his brother, or shackles for his mind; and we doubt whether the good which results from such discoveries and inventions is not more than counterbalanced by the evil which grows out of their perversion. The Magnetic Telegraph by which time and space are annihilated, and intelligence transmitted with lightning speed, has been shamelessly offered to the oppressor as a quick-footed blood-hound to pursue the flying bondman. A cunning appeal is made to the pro-slavery spirit of the American people through the advertisement of the "Magnetic Telegraph Company," of which AMOS KENDALL is President. The closing sentence of the paragraph of regulations reads thus "Facilities to be afforded for the apprehension of fugitives." Some may say that this simply means fugitives from justice; if so, why did not the company thus express themselves? It means more than fugitives from justice, it includes those fugitives from justice who are to be apprehended in accordance with the provisions of the U. S. Constitution.

The meeting which put forth the advertisement was held in the city of Washington, close by the "nigger pens" of democratic slave-mongers, within hearing of the voices of the auctioneers who sell God's image, and within sight of the office where the people's agent writes out commissions for these dealers in human souls. Doubtless many of the stock holders in the company are slave-claimants, who have frequent occasion to desire to apprehend fugitives from their plantations. Henceforth there will be no need of blood-hounds. The curs may sleep undisturbed in their kennels, for the "Magnetic Telegraph Company" will track the flying slave.

#### DISCIPLINE.

At a recent meeting which we held in a Disciple meeting house a few miles south of this place, a member of the church which convenes there, stated a fact—or what he had been informed was a fact—illustrating the slaveholding character of that sect in the South. It was briefly this. A Disciple in one of the Southern States sold a slave, and with part of the proceeds of the sale, wine was purchased for the communion; or as another member said communion plate was procured. The brother of the slave, who was also a member of the church to which the slave trader belonged, refused to partake of the sacrament, because, as he said, it would be drinking his brother's blood. The church unable to bear the continual rebuke of his presence, persecuted him so that he was obliged to leave.

The friend who related this was John W. Anderson, and being on the eve of removal from the State, he had a short time before requested the church to give him a letter of recommendation; no objection being made, it was, in accordance with the usage of that sect, understood that his request was granted. After the anti-slavery meeting he applied to the overseers for his letter; they refused it, mainly on the ground that he had made the above statement in our meeting, although there was another objection of which we shall presently speak. They did not deny the truth of the statement, but said "it did not become a christian to relate such a story as that to the world." In the course of the discussion of the church question at the meeting above referred to, we enquired of a prominent man among the Disciples of that neighborhood, whether, when that church spread its communion table it did not in effect invite to it all slaveholding Disciples.—The person to whom we put the query seemed unwilling to answer, and thereupon Anderson responded in the affirmative. This was the ground of the other objection we hinted at, for the overseers said, "it was improper for a believer to state to the world that such was the practice of the christian church, and by so doing he showed he was upholding a tribe of infidels."

These statements Anderson made to us on the eve of his departure, and we trust that on mature consideration he will not regret that he has gone on his way unburdened with a commendatory letter from a pro-slavery church.

Truth can alone make free the soul.



## ENCOURAGING.

Last week we received between fifty and sixty subscribers for the Bugle—thanks to those who obtained them, and to those who subscribed. A few more such returns would soon run our list up to twelve hundred, when we shall unfurl a larger banner, though our sheet even now, small as it is, gives far more reading matter than those of a much larger size which are half filled with advertisements. Send in the names, and those of our subscribers who can afford it—and we presume there are but few who cannot—had better take a second or third copy for the benefit of their friends who are too poor, or too little interested to subscribe for themselves. If it were a political or a religious paper, its subscription list would be as overgrown as the party or sect in whose service it was enlisted. Shall the friends of humanity do less to give an extensive circulation to their papers than do the supporters of parties, the builders of sects? We hope not.

## HENRY H. HATCH.

This young and ardent advocate of freedom, has been appointed lecturing agent by the O. A. S. Society. We hope the friends of the slave in those parts where he may be called to labor, will extend to him a helping hand. He is authorized to receive subscriptions and donations for the Bugle, and contributions for the general purpose of anti-slavery labor.

**NEW AGENTS.**—Marsena Miller of New Lyme, Alexander Glenn of Bunburyburg, J. H. Pardee of Garrettsville, and E. Morgan Parrett of Atwater will act as agents for the Bugle.

The friend at Denton who wrote to us in relation to having a meeting at that place is hereby informed that our engagements are such at the present time that we cannot possibly attend to it, but will do so as soon as circumstances will admit. We do not intend to neglect any of the numerous invitations we have received, but all shall be complied with in time.

## MESMERISM AND SEDUCTION.

The Methodist Episcopal Conference, now in session at New Orleans, has expelled the Rev. H. H. Shropshire, who last year travelled the St. Helena circuit, from the Ministry. He was charged with the flagrant offence of having attempted the seduction of a young lady upon whom he was practising some Mesmeric experiments in July last. He fully confessed his guilt, and did not attempt to justify his conduct. Bishop Soule, President of the conference, strongly reprehended the practice of Mesmerism, and admonished his hearers to avoid it as one that was disgraceful, degrading and ruinous to those who meddled with it.

The Mississippi Annual Conference—which is the one alluded to in the above extract—fully approves of the organization of the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South," a church which was established for the especial purpose of protecting the institution of slavery. Bishop Soule, who is a slaveholder in principle, and Bishop Andrew, who practically maintains the system, were recognized by that Conference as Bishops of their church, and their conduct and adherence to principle highly approved. Knowing the position of the Conference—that it sanctions and sanctifies wholesale concubinage, that not content with tolerating seduction it upholds a system of rape—its opposition to Mesmerism, as expressed through its President would seem strange, were we not aware that oftentimes men who are guilty of the most flagrant violation of the entire moral law, make a great to-do about those who are less guilty than themselves. The Rev. H. H. Shropshire was encouraged to the deed for which he was expelled by the teaching of the church which sat in judgment upon his case. True, the church did not intend to have the principle which it laid down as correct, applied to "a young lady," and had the Rev. teacher confined his practices to a "nigger wench"—it shames us even to quote the degrading and insulting language of the South—he would doubtless now be a member in good and regular standing, a brother beloved.

## THE SOUTH.

Maria W. Chapman, in giving an account of the great Anti-Slavery Fair recently held in Boston, at which was realized \$3262.77, thus speaks of a donation from the South.

A third remarkable and illustrative contribution of great ingenuity and beauty, is the subject of the annexed letter. It is a saddle-cloth and hunting pouch of red broadcloth, embroidered with various colored *Wampum*, in the Indian fashion, from the slave State of Missouri:—

St. Louis, (Mo.) Dec. 8th 1845  
To the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Fair.

LADIES—Please accept the saddle-cloth and pouch, that accompanies this, for sale at your Fair.

While many, especially in slave States, view the efforts of your Society as froth that the winds will destroy, permit me to assure you that there are others, who can admire the sparkling brilliancy that marks its formation, as well as feel that, underneath, there is a

swelling tide, that in its flow will wash the stain of Slavery from our beloved land. That you may live to see that happy event, is the best wish of  
Yours,

This friend's name is not given till we learn whether or not its publication would peril his property and personal safety. His letter suggests to us the idea of fitting up a separate stall next year, for contributions from the slave States.

## A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

At the close of one of the evening meetings held at Faneuil Hall during the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, an incident occurred which is thus related.

One of the speakers had previously alluded to the labors of the Abolitionists in the illustration of Faneuil Hall after the temporary profanation of Slavery, so that the boardman can now take shelter within its walls, and laying hold on the altar of freedom, set the claims of his master at defiance. A stir was visible near the door, and an agitated movement in the dense crowd from thence to the left of the platform, showed that passage was being made for some visitor. We saw him as he leaned against one of the pillars, near the platform, beneath the left gallery, nearly fainting with the fatigue and excitement of the strong emotion of his sudden introduction to the brilliant and unwonted scene before him. It was a fugitive slave. To tell from whence, or by what means escaped, would only close up the way to those who may wish to follow him to a land of freedom. He had at first found refuge in a cellar near, trembling with the exhaustion and terror of his long flight. His inmates had the humanity to shelter him for the moment, but not the means of giving him continued support. They said—"Our neighbor, Mr. Marjoram, is friendly to your people—he is up at Faneuil Hall, yonder: run in there, and you will be safe." He obeyed the instructions—found the unwearied friend of freedom and humanity he sought, and told his little tale of peril and flight in whispers, to an excited circle beneath the gallery. It would have been cruel to exhibit his exhaustion and agony of alternate doubt and joy on the platform, as it was naturally the first thought to do. The spectacle of human nature in the extremity of its suffering, ought not, we feel, to meet the gaze of a great audience, even of the warmest friends of humanity; their thoughtful delicacy, if it could have been consulted, would not have consented to such a tax upon individual feeling.

Hereafter, when this man shall tell his story, (no novelty, alas! there are millions like it,) may it kindle the sympathies of such as are hindered by its size from seeing the whole system of Slavery; though its fearful outline rises high above our land, "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." Men cannot see it for the same reasons that they cannot, at first, discern the land-line of the Cape-Verdes. They do not look high enough to where it trends along, so much higher than the altitude of ordinary coast above not only all temporal powers; but dominating over the seats of spiritual wickedness in high places. Men's moral sense is ready to call overers and auctioneers of negroes wicked, but seldom looks either high enough or deep enough to see that the Congress or the Congress of clergy whose sanction stamps these deeds as Christian and lawful, is no body for an honest man, much less an Abolitionist to sit in council with. Men understand this principle well enough on the wrong side.—They see plainly enough that they are known by the company they keep, if the question is of being art and part of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and they eschew the companionship, just in proportion as they are pro-slavery; yet they doubt whether they keep the slaveholder in countenance by the adhesion to his institutions!

"How do you know this fellow is not an impostor?" was a question repeatedly asked respecting the poor fugitive, of whom we have been speaking. His master has not left that matter doubtful. The slaveholder's sign manual was cut deep upon his shoulders; leaving those long, regular scars, the shocking spectacle of which could be exhibited only by a St. Lawrence from the torturing chamber, a Guatemozin, escaped from the hands of the Spanish soldiers, or an American slave. His limbs are covered with the scars of dirk-stabs; pieces of the flesh have been taken out by the knots of the lash. More horrid particulars might be given; but must be withheld for the double reason of sparing the sensibilities of those who cannot even know what thousands in our own land are daily obliged to endure, and to avoid identifying this victim so as to subject him to pursuit.

He is rapidly learning to read, and the friend who has given him shelter and protection, finds him capable as a cook, waiter, or coachman; and is trying to find a situation for him, where he may be free from anxiety of mind as to being re-captured.

## THE CONTRAST.

The slaveholder takes little children from their parents, places them on the auction stand, and sells them into interminable bondage. But Christ takes little children in his arms and blesses them and returns them to the embrace of their parents. The former makes many poor, that he may live in splendor; the latter became poor, that others might become rich. The former quaffs the cup of pleasure, and measures out bitterness to others; the latter drinks the cup of misery to the dregs, and offers to others the cup of salvation.

The former divides families, selling husband from wife, and parent from child; the latter unites those who have been divided, as in the case of Lazarus and his affectionate sisters. The former makes many homeless, that he may live in a stately mansion; the latter was homeless that others might have a home in the skies. The former closes every avenue by which light can reach the mind of the slave; the latter is a light to lighten every man that cometh into the world. The former scourges the innocent, that his own guilt may be excluded from light; the latter endures

the cruel lash that others might escape deserved punishment.

The former loads others with contumely and reproach, that his own character may be laid in honor; the latter had his name cast out as evil, that others might be acquitted and approved. The former is boisterous; the latter gentle; the former exalts from others the profits of their severe toil; the latter labored that others might derive benefit from it; the former tramples on all law, the latter honors it; the former blots out the marriage covenant, the latter sanctifies it, and hates putting away; the former fastens a clasp upon the lips of others, the lips of the latter dispense knowledge; the former deals in wrath and blows, the latter in mercy and love; the former reigns in tyranny and blood, the latter in righteousness; the former rises on the degradation of others, the latter descends to elevate others.

Ignorance and heathenism are the attendant of the former, wisdom and knowledge those of the latter. The former laughs at misery and mocks at compassion, the latter sympathizes with all who mourn. In a word, the former makes a fearful havoc of human life, but the latter so loves the world, that he willingly groans out his life on the cross that others might live. O that ministers would preach Christ, so that slavery may be eternally abolished.—*Im. Freeman.*

## LATE FROM MEXICO.

We have accounts from the city of Mexico of the 8th and from Vera Cruz of the 11th ultimo, which entirely dissipated whatever doubts may have existed of the entire success, without bloodshed, of the late revolutionary movement in the Mexican Republic, headed by Gen. Paredes.

It appears that, in the latter part of December, before the Revolutionary forces reached the city of Mexico, a portion of its garrison pronounced in favor of Gen. Paredes. This induced an early arrangement between the antagonist parties (Gen. Valencia representing the former Government) for the submission of the capital, which was triumphantly entered by Paredes and his troops without any disorder or the least resistance, on the 2nd of January.

On the same day a meeting took place of all the Generals and commanding officers, at which Gen. Paredes, after avowing the pronouncement at San Luis, declared to the Junta his readiness to submit to their prudent resolutions, and the entire liberty which each enjoyed to pronounce his opinions. Thereupon additions and explanations were made to the solemn act of San Luis Potosi, the substance of which we find stated in the New Orleans Picayune as follows:

"1st. The terminations of the functions of the old Congress and President is declared on the same grounds as at San Luis Potosi.

"2d. A Junta of Notables, composed of two from each Department, to be named by the President, shall elect at once a person to discharge the Executive functions, until the extraordinary Congress shall meet, which is to form a Constitution in conformity with the 3d article with the act of San Luis.

"3d. This Junta of Representatives shall be dissolved when it has elected a President, and administered the oath to sustain the independence of the nation, the republican popular representative system, and the administrative plan of the Republic."

"4th. The powers of the President are limited by the existing laws, which can only be transcended to provide for national defence and then only according to a provision in existing laws.

"5th. The Ministers of the Provisional President are responsible for their acts to the first constitutional Congress; but these acts cannot be revised.

"6th. The President, in eight days after taking possession of power, shall convene an extraordinary Congress, which shall assemble in four months in the capital; and, in forming a Constitution, it shall not change or alter the principles and guarantees which it has once adopted for its interior government.

"7th. An actual Council shall remain in session, with which the Provisional President may consult in all grave affairs of State.

"8th. The authorities of those Departments which are opposed to the present plan of the regeneration of the Republic, and these shall be replaced according to the laws of their original establishment.

"9th. The judicial power shall discharge its important functions agreeably to the laws, and without any variation.

"10th. No one shall be prosecuted for his former political opinions.

These acts were formally discussed by the Junta and adopted by all present with the exception of Generals Alcantara and Miron.

All the signatures were then attached, and among them were those of Generals Paredes, Bravo, Valencia, Filisola, Almonte, Mora, Reyes, and others.

The Assembly of Notables, provided for by the second of the above articles, met on the 3d of January. Gen. Tornel was chosen President, and Gen. Almonte was one of the Secretaries. Gen. Paredes was then unanimously chosen President of the Republic, *ad interim*. A committee of three was appointed to draw up the oath to be administered to the President. Two of them reported in favor of an oath nearly in the usual form; but Gen. Bustamante (not the former President of that name) was in favor of adding thereto a clause compelling the President to swear "to repel the invasion of the United States." After a long discussion the Assembly assented to the report of the majority, upon the ground that the oath demanded by Gen. Bustamante would be tantamount to a declaration of war, and that it was beyond the competency of the Assembly to declare war.

On the first of January the inauguration of the new President took place, with much ceremony, after which the President made an address appealing to Heaven for the disinterestedness of his motives, and declaring that as soon as the country had established her liberties he should retire. The oath which he took is in the following form:

"You swear to God to sustain the independence and integrity of the national ter-

ritory against any foreign aggression whatever; and the republican, popular, representative system; and the plan of administration of the Republic, agreed to by the Act of the Army on the 2nd of January."

The new Cabinet is composed of General Almonte, Minister of War; Senor Luis Parres, Treasury Department; Senor Castillo Louza, Foreign Affairs; and Senor Becerra (Bishop of Chiapas,) of Justice, &c.

We can gather nothing definite from the papers as to the present position of Mr. Slidell. There are various rumors in regard to him, all of which want confirmation. The New Orleans Delta says, on the authority of a letter from a well informed source, dated at Vera Cruz on the 12th ultimo, and also on the authority of a friend who came in the vessel that brought the above intelligence, that Mr. Slidell was at Puebla, awaiting the further instructions of this Government; and that neither the latter nor the passenger says one word to sustain any of the rumors which were afloat in New Orleans concerning him—such as, that he had been ordered to leave the country, &c.

The Washington correspondent of the North American says the composition of the new Mexican Cabinet, is "adverse to the renewal of diplomatic intercourse with this Government, and disposed to manifest its hostility in a more substantial form, than the paper bullets dealt in by its predecessors." When Almonte abandoned his mission here, he conceived and declared that Mexico had no other alternative left to maintain her honor and dignity, than by a declaration of war. Letters received from him since his return breathe the same spirit, and all his efforts have tended to arouse the people and the army to a sense of the national degradation, in submitting to the annexation of Texas. He is now in a position which enables him to act, as well as to speak, and therefore his movements are deserving of unusual observation. He is a man of tact and talent—shrewd and sagacious, and as violent as vigilant. In character, he approaches nearer to Santa Anna than any of the public men of Mexico, and has all his determination and courage, with something more of scrupulousness.—*Pa. Freeman.*

## SLAVEHOLDING CHRISTIANITY—TO THE LIFE.

It may strike some minds that the following letter must be a burlesque. For the sake of such it may be important to say that its genuineness is beyond question. The individual to whom the letter was addressed is here, is well known, and is himself well acquainted with the writer. We have all the names in full, but suppose it better to give the public only the initials. The letter may therefore be read as a veritable portrait of at least one of the forms of a slaveholding Christianity.—*Oberlin Evangelist.*

B—, Georgia, Sept. 4th, 1845.

DEAR SIR:

I take up my pen to write to you once more, though it is not I that write, but the Lord that writes through me. Permit me to inform you that since I wrote to you last, I have come out and embraced the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and am now living in the glorious light and liberty of the children of God. We have had quite an interesting church meeting here this week in relation to Deacon H—-. It was thought by many that he would be disestablished, but finally his case was set forth in such a vivid light by the influential members of the Church, our pastor among the rest, that he was honorably discharged. For fear you will think the case worse than it really is, I will just state the facts, (although you are such an abolitionist, I suppose you will think it had enough as it is.) The Deacon had an old slave, that had been in the habit of running away, but had always been caught, until finally about two weeks ago, he made another attempt. No sooner was the old thing missing, than cousin H—- borrowed neighbor P—-s hounds and started in search of him. He had not proceeded far in the woods before he found the old man perched upon the limb of a large tree. He ordered him several times to come down, but the old man who was as stubborn as an ass, still maintained his position. The Deacon then becoming excited, fired his gun at him. The ball passed through his ankle, and mangled it in such a manner that it mortified and he died. But as I have before stated, our good Pastor, (may the Lord bless his soul) held forth for the justification of the Deacon in such a vivid and heaven-approving style that he was discharged upon the ground that he had a right to do what he pleased with his own property—a judgment which would have been passed by any righteous man.—Your uncle J—- buried his youngest child last week. Your cousin W—- thought some of studying at Oberlin, but it is such an abolition hole, I do not think his father will let him go. I have partly bargained for about 50 slaves belonging to Mr. —. If I can get them as cheap as I expect to, I shall make profit on them, for I understand that the Orleans market is quite good now. I expect to send them down as soon as my driver recovers; for in flogging one of my old slaves the other day, he received a very severe wound from him, he having struck him with his hoe, whereupon the driver instantly drew his pistol from his pocket and shot him dead upon the spot, a fate which he justly merited. From his extreme age (being nearly 80 years old) I consider his death a gain and not a loss to me.

In your last you spoke of visiting us next year. If you come I pray you to leave your abolitionism behind, and show yourself a man. It is now time to go to prayer meeting, and I must close. My wife joins me in love to you.

Yours,

J. P. F.

## MARRIAGE AMONG SLAVES.

Slavery, in principle and in fact, annihilates the marriage relation. It knows no man as husband, no woman as wife. It enjoins no duties, it confers no rights upon the parties that sustain this relation. No man who is a Slave can assert or maintain his right to cherish and protect the woman whom he calls his

wife; no Slave woman can assert and maintain her husband. Lawful wedlock, with its rights and duties, does not exist among our entire slave population.

The testimony of an esteemed personal friend, Rev. Wm. T. Allen, formerly of Huntsville, Alabama, will give a clear view of what is law and fact on this subject. He says, "legit marriage is unknown among the slaves. They sometimes have a marriage form; generally, not at all. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Huntsville, Ala., had two families of slaves when I left there.—One couple were married by a negro preacher—the man was robbed of his wife a number of months afterwards by her 'owner.'—The other couple just took up together, without any form of marriage. They are both members of churches—the man a Baptist deacon, sober and correct in his deportment. They have a large family of children—all children of concubinage—living in a minister's family." While Prof. Andrews resided some years since in Carolina, he says, "an old negro came to me one day, weeping so immoderately that for some time I could not clearly ascertain the cause of his distress.—Peter had just then heard that his wife's master was about to sell her to a speculator."—The Professor sought to console him, when he replied—"This is my third wife; both of my other wives were sold to speculators, and were carried to the South, and I have never heard from them since." "Truly have the Savannah (Ga.) River Baptist Association said while speaking on this subject, 'The Slaves are not free moral agents, and a dissolution of the marriage covenant by death, is not more entirely without their consent and beyond their control, than by such separation.'

Slavery in principle, denies to the Slave the right to provide for his wife, defend her person from the grossest conceivable insult or prevent a final separation at the pleasure of the lawful master. If it be consistent with righteousness to prohibit marriage, then is Slavery in this respect right; but if it be essentially wrong to make such prohibition, then is Slavery essentially wrong—sin in its very nature. In the estimation of the Old School General Assembly, at its recent meeting in Cincinnati, that land must be a polluted one, where a widower is permitted to marry the sister of his deceased wife; but that church retains its vestal purity which fellowship American Slavery, which renders lawful marriage impossible, encourages and sanctions, if it does not necessitate, a system of indiscriminate fornication and adultery.—*R. v. S. W. Streeter.*

## THE WESLEYANS.

The Allegheny Annual Conference of Wesleyan Methodists, at its last meeting at Leesburg, adopted the following resolutions, the 2nd, and 4th, of which would seem to indicate that those Liberty party candidates who belong to pro-slavery Churches, will be minus the votes of all consistent Wesleyans.

*Resolved*, That American slavery is a sin in itself, and as far as human laws can be, is an abrogation of the Divine Laws; and a full and unqualified denial of the Creator's right to govern his creatures—an open and undigested effort to depose the Deity from reigning in man's heart, or governing his life.

*Resolved*, That slavery being a sin in itself, it is sinful to give it any support in any way or for any reason, because we are not to do evil that good may come, on any account; and that those who belong to, or support in any way a slaveholding Church, or pro-slavery political party, support slavery, and are not only guilty of the blood of the slave, but are acting for the destruction of the anti-slavery cause.

*Resolved*, That it is a virtual abandonment of anti-slavery principles to vote for the candidates of any political party which does not make the overthrow of slavery a primary principle of its organization.

*Resolved*, That we urge upon our brethren and friends every where not to vote for any candidate for State or National office who belongs to a slaveholding Church or pro-slavery political party; and to vote for those candidates of the Liberty Party who do not belong to slaveholding Churches, if they are men who fear God and hate covetousness.

## ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

HENRY H. HATCH AND SAMUEL BROOKE will hold meetings at

Youngstown, Trumbull Co. on Friday and Saturday 13th, and 14th, in the evening.

Candfield, Trumbull Co. on Sunday 15th in the afternoon and evening.

Mesopotamia, Trumbull Co. on Tuesday and Wednesday 17th, and 18th, in the evening.

Windsor, Ashtabula Co. on Thursday 19th in the evening.

Batavia, Geauga Co. on Friday & Saturday, 20th and 21st, in the evening.

Parkman Village, Geauga Co. on Sunday 22nd, in the morning, afternoon, and evening.

Will the friends of the slave attend to giving extensive notices of the above meetings, and make all necessary arrangements to call out, and comfortably accommodate large gatherings!

## RECEIPTS FOR THE "BUGLE"

FROM JANUARY 28TH, TO FEBRUARY 12TH.

Mary Pratt, Salem, \$1.00.

W. Fuller, Brooklyn Centre, J. Newcomb, E. Swaine, Salem, A. Titus, Dr. Baels, J. Williams, Candfield, Jos. Dutton, New Garden, N. Ball, Denton, T. Sharp, Salem, Z. Thompson, Fairfield, Jas. Westfall, Augusta, Ann Pearson, East Bethel, \$1.50 each.

L. H. Brown, Vernon, E. & T. Shaw, Salem, W. H. Mills, Geneva, Dr. J. Manly, Georgetown, P. Delany, Mogadore, \$1 each.

N. Davis, East Rochester, J. Windle, New Garden, each 75 cts.

Jos. Griswold, New Garden, 50 cts.

D. McCulloch, Denton 37½ cts.



## POETRY.

From the Non-Slaveholder.

### THE QUAKER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Quaker of the olden time!—  
How calm and firm and true,  
Unspotted by its wrong and crime  
He walked the dark earth through!  
The lust of power, the love of gain,  
The thousand lures of sin  
Around him, had no power to stain  
The purity within.

With that deep insight, which detects,  
All great things in the small,  
And knows how each man's life affects  
The spiritual life of all.  
He walked by faith and not by sight,  
By love and not by law;  
The presence of the wrong and right,  
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,  
That nothing stands alone,  
That brother's sin his own, makes  
His brother's sin his own.  
And pausing not for doubtful choice  
Of evils great or small,  
He listened to that inward voice  
Which called away from all.

Oh Spirit of that early day,  
So pure and strong and true,  
Be with us in the narrow way  
Our faithful fathers knew.  
Give strength the evil to forsake,  
The cross of Truth to bear,  
And love and reverent fear to make  
Our daily lives a prayer!

### THE SLEEPING SLAVE.

Oh, sleep!—alas the day's at hand:  
On tree and flower the morn dews stand;  
One hour, and on heaven's arched blue  
The risen sun will spring to view,  
And thou must greet him from the wave,  
Midst flowers, and dews, and light—a Slave!

Yet sleep—(ah! hour is all thine own,  
And dreams may on its wings be strown,  
Bright as if waited from afar  
By genit guests of moon or star,  
Brighter than on his eyes may rest,  
The slumbering lord of east and west.

Dream wretched one—but not of time,  
Nor e'en thine own remembered crime!  
Dream not of mother, wife or boy,  
Of childhood's games, or freedom's joy;  
Forget thy native valley's stream—  
Forget thy father's house—yet dream!

Dream of the world beyond the grave,  
Tis broad, but in it walks no slave!  
Of Heaven, where many mansions be,  
Of Him, who orders us for thee,  
Of Him, who notes thy tears and sighs;  
Dream thus and conquer—Slave, arise!

The following beautiful passage is from a  
Poem written by George Vashon, a colored  
young man of Pittsburgh. We find it in the  
Tribune.

### THE SEASONS.

First, Spring came tripping on from Southern  
bowers,  
And strewed her sunny path with fragrant  
flowers,  
Bade the still brook from out its torpor wake,  
And freed, from icy bonds, the captive lake,  
Then smiling back upon the smiling land,  
Resigned the rule to Summer's warmer hand.  
Earth, in the genial change rejoicing much,  
Glowed like a picture 'neath a Guido's touch,  
And lovelier grew, with each succeeding day,  
Till autumn seized the sceptre and the sway.  
She, to enhance the beauty of the scene,  
Tinged with rich brown each leaflet's brilliant  
green,  
Cast o'er the land her sad yet lovely smile,  
Then sank beneath dread Winter's chilling  
wile,  
Dread Winter, who, with no kind feelings  
warm,  
Evoked, in envious rage, the blighting storm;  
And, conscious that no gift she could bestow,  
To equal Summer's, Spring's or Autumn's  
glow,  
Blew spitefully her freezing breath on all,  
And strove to crush Earth 'neath her snowy  
pall.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE BUSHEL OF CORN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Gray had a neighbor, who was not  
the best tempered man in the world, though  
mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoe-  
maker. His name was Barton. One day, in  
harvest-time, when every hand on the farm  
was busy as a bee, this man came over to  
Farmer Gray's, and said, in rather a petulant  
tone of voice—

—Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over  
and drive your geese home.

—Why so, Mr. Barton? what have my geese  
been doing? the farmer said in a mild, quiet  
tone.

—They pick my pigs' ears, when they are  
eating, and go into my garden; and I will not  
have it! the neighbor replied, in a still more  
petulant voice.

—I am really sorry for it, neighbor Barton;  
but what can I do?

—Why, yoke them, and thus keep them on  
your own premises. It's no kind of a way to  
let your geese run all over every farm and  
garden in the neighborhood.

—But I cannot see it to now. It is harvest-  
time, friend Barton, and every man, woman,  
and child on the farm, has as much to do as  
she can do. Try and bear it for a week or  
so, and then I will see if I can possibly rem-  
edy the evil.

—I can't bear it, and I won't bear it, any  
longer, the shoemaker said. —So if you do  
not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall  
have to take care of them for you.

—Well, neighbor Barton, you can do as you  
please, the farmer replied, in his usual qui-

et tone. —I am sorry that they trouble you,  
but I cannot attend to them now.

—I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't,  
the shoemaker said, still more angrily than  
when he first called upon farmer Gray; and  
then turned upon his heel, and strode off ha-  
stily toward his own house, which was quite  
near to the old farmer's.

—What upon earth can be the matter with  
them geese? Mrs. Gray said, about fifteen  
minutes afterwards.

—I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton  
is taking care of them. He threatened to do  
so, if I didn't yoke them right off.

—Taking care of them! How taking care of  
them!

—As to that, I am quite in the dark. Kill-  
ing them, perhaps. He said they picked at  
his pigs' ears, and drove them away when  
they were eating, and that he would not have  
it. He wanted me to yoke them right off;  
but that I could not do now, as all the hands  
are busy. He then said, that if I didn't take  
care of them, he would. So I suppose he is  
engaged in the neighboring business of taking  
care of our geese.

—John! William! run over and see what Mr.  
Barton is doing with my geese, Mrs. Gray  
said, in a quick and anxious tone, to two lit-  
tle boys who were playing near.

—The urchins scampered off, well pleased to  
perform any errand.

—Oh, if he has dared to do anything to my  
geese, I will never forgive him! the wife said  
angrily.

—Hush-h, Sally! make no rash speeches.—  
It is more than probable that he has killed  
some two or three of them. But never mind  
if he has. He will get over his pet, and be  
sorry for it.

—Yes; but what good will his being sorry  
do me? Will it bring my geese to life?

—Ah, well, Sally, never mind. Let us wait  
until we learn what all this disturbance is  
about.

In about ten minutes, the children came  
home, bearing the bodies of three geese, each  
without a head.

—Oh, isn't that too much for human endur-  
ance? exclaimed Mrs. Gray. —Where did  
you find them?

—We found them lying on in the road, said  
the eldest of the two children. —And when  
we picked them up, Mr. Barton said—'Tell  
your father that I have yoked his geese for  
him, to save him the trouble, as his hands  
are all too busy to do it.'

—I'd sue him for it! said Mrs. Gray, in an  
indignant tone.

—And what good would that do, Sally?

—Why, it would do a great deal of good.—  
It would teach him better manners. It would  
punish him, and he deserves punishment.

—And punish us into the bargain. We have  
lost three geese now, but we still have their  
good fat bodies to eat. A lawsuit would cost  
us a good many geese, and not leave us even  
so much as the feathers; besides giving us a  
world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally;  
just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it,  
I know.

—Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will  
his being sorry for it do me, I should like to  
know! Next, he will kill a cow, and then  
we must be satisfied with his being sorry for  
it! Now, I can tell you that I don't believe  
in that doctrine. Nor do I believe anything  
about his being sorry; the crabbed, ill-natured  
wretch.

—Don't call hard names, Sally, the farmer Gray  
said, in a mild, soothing tone. —Neighbor  
Barton was not himself when he killed the  
geese. Like every other angry person, he  
was a little insane, and did what he would  
not have done had he been perfectly in his  
right mind. When you are a little excited,  
you know, Sally, that even you do and say  
unreasonable things.

—No, do and say unreasonable things! ex-  
claimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of  
indignant astonishment; and say and do un-  
reasonable things when I am angry! I don't  
understand you Mr. Gray.

—May be I can help you a little. Don't you  
remember how angry you were when Mr.  
Mellon's old bridle got into our garden, and  
trampled over your lettuce bed? and how you  
struck her with the oven pole and knocked off  
one of her horns?

—But I didn't mean to do that, though.

—No; but then you were angry, and struck  
old bridle with a right good will. And if  
Mr. Mellon had felt disposed, he might have  
prosecuted for damages.

—But she had no business there.

—Of course not. Neither had our geese any  
business in neighbor Barton's yard. But  
perhaps, I can help you to another instance,  
that will be more conclusive in regard to your  
doing and saying unreasonable things when  
you are angry. You remember the patent  
churn?

—Yes; but never mind about that.

—So you have not forgotten how unreason-  
able you were about the churn. It was not  
good for anything—you knew it wasn't;  
and you'd never put a jar of cream into it as  
long as you lived—that you wouldn't. And  
yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you  
had ever used; and now you wouldn't part  
with it on any consideration. So you see,  
Sally, that even you can say and do unrea-  
sonable things, when you are angry, just as  
well as Mr. Barton can. Let us then consider  
him a little, and give him time to get over  
his angry fit. It will be much better to do  
so.

Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right  
but still she felt indignant at the outrage  
committed on her geese. She did not, how-  
ever, say anything about suing the shoemaker—for  
old bridle's head, from which the horn had  
been knocked off, was not yet entirely well,  
and on prosecution very naturally suggested  
the idea of another. So she took her three  
fat geese, and after stripping off their feath-  
ers, had them prepared for the table.

On the next morning, as Mr. Gray was go-  
ing along the road, he met the shoemaker;  
and as they had to pass very near to each other,  
the farmer smiled, and bowed, and spoke  
kindly. Mr. Barton looked and felt very un-  
easy, but farmer Gray did not seem to re-  
member the unpleasant incident of the day  
before.

It was about eleven o'clock of the same day,  
that one of farmer Gray's little boys came run-  
ning to him, and crying—

—Oh, father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are  
in our cornfield.

—Then I must go and drive them out, said  
Mr. Gray, in a quiet tone.

—Drive them out! ejaculated Mrs. Gray.—  
Drive them out, indeed, I'd shoot them;  
that's what I'd do. I'd serve them as he  
served my geese yesterday.

—But that would bring the geese to life  
again, Sally.

—I don't care if it would not. It would be  
paying him in his own coin, and that's all he  
deserves.

—You know what the Bible says, Sally,  
about grievous words, and they apply with  
stronger force to grievous actions. No—no  
—I will return neighbor Barton good for evil.  
That is the best way. He has done wrong,  
and I am sure is sorry for it. And as I wish  
him still to remain sorry for so unkind and  
unneighborly an action, I intend making use  
of the best means for keeping him sorry.

—Then you will not be revenged on him,  
any how.

—No, Sally, not revenged. I hope I have  
no such feeling. For I am not angry with  
neighbor Barton, who has done himself a  
much greater wrong than he has done me.—  
But I wish him to see clearly how wrong he  
has acted, that he may do so no more. And  
then we shall not have any cause to complain  
of him, nor he any to be grieved, as I am  
sure he is, at his own hasty conduct. But  
while I am talking here, his hogs are de-  
stroying my corn.

—And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off  
towards his cornfield. When he arrived  
there, he found four large hogs tearing down  
his stalks, and pulling off, and eating the  
ripe ears of corn. They had already destroyed  
a great deal. But he drove them out very  
calmly, and put up the bars through which  
they had entered, and then commenced gather-  
ing up the half-eaten ears of corn, and  
throwing them out into the lane, for the hogs  
that had been so suddenly disturbed in the  
process of obtaining a liberal meal. As he  
was thus engaged, Mr. Barton, who had  
from his own house, seen the farmer turn the  
hogs out of his cornfield, came hurriedly up,  
and said—

—I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am,  
that my hogs have done this. I will most  
cheerfully pay you for what they have de-  
stroyed.

—Oh, never mind, friend Barton—never  
mind. Such things will happen occasionally.  
My geese, you know, annoy you very  
much sometimes.

—Don't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They didn't  
annoy me as much as I imagined they did.  
But how much corn do you think my hogs  
have destroyed? One bushel, or two bush-  
els? Or how much? Let it be estimated,  
and I will pay you for it most cheerfully.

—Oh, no. Not for the world, friend Bar-  
ton. Such things will happen sometimes.  
And, besides, some of my men must have  
left the bars down, or your hogs could never  
have gone in. So don't think any more  
about it. It would be dreadful if one neigh-  
bor could not bear a little with another.

All this our peaceable neighbor said to the  
heart.

His own, ill-natured language, and conduct,  
at a much smaller trespass on his rights,  
presented itself to his mind, and deeply  
mortified him, after a few moments silence, he  
said—

—The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better  
if you will let me pay for this corn. My  
hogs should not be fattened at your expense,  
and I will not consent to its being done.—  
So I shall insist on paying you for at least  
a bushel of corn; for I am sure they have de-  
stroyed that much if not more.

But Mr. Gray shook his head, and smiled  
pleasantly, as he replied—

—Don't think anything more about it, neigh-  
bor Barton. It is a matter of no considera-  
tion. No doubt my cattle have often tres-  
passed on your land, and will trespass on you again.  
Let us then bear and forbear.

All this our peaceable neighbor said deeper,  
and he felt still less at ease in mind after he  
had parted from the farmer, than he did be-  
fore. But on one thing he resolved, and that  
was, to pay Mr. Gray for the corn which his  
hogs had eaten.

You told him your mind pretty plainly,  
I hope, Mrs. Gray said, as her husband  
came in.

—I certainly did, was the quiet reply.

—And I am glad you had spirit enough to  
do it. I reckon he will think twice, before  
he kills any more of my geese.

—I expect you are right, Sally. I do it  
think we shall be troubled again.

—What did you say to him? And what did  
he say for himself?

—Why, he wanted very much to pay me  
for the corn his hogs had eaten; but I wouldn't  
hear to it. I told him that it made no differ-  
ence in the world. That such accidents  
would happen sometimes.

—And that's the way you spoke your mind  
to him?

—Precisely; and it had the desired effect.—  
It made him feel ten times worse than if I  
had spoken angrily to him. He is exceed-  
ingly pained at what he has done, and says  
he will never rest until he has paid for that  
corn. But I am resolved never to take a cent  
for it. It will be the best possible guaranty  
I can have for his kind and neighborly con-  
duct hereafter.

—Well, perhaps you are right, Mrs. Gray  
said, after a few moments of thoughtful  
silence. —I like Mr. Barton very much—and  
now I come to think of it I should not  
wish to have any difference between our  
families.

—And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has  
read a good deal, and I find it very pleasant  
to sit with him, occasionally, during the  
long winter evenings. His only fault is in  
his quick temper—but I am sure it is much  
better for us to bear with, and soothe that,  
than to oppose and excite it, and thus keep  
both his family and our own in hot water.

—You are certainly right, Mrs. Gray said,  
and I only wish that I could always think  
and feel as you do. But I am a little quick,  
as they say.

—And so is Mr. Barton. Now, just the  
same consideration that you would de-  
sire others to have for you, should you ex-  
ercise towards Mr. Barton; or any one else  
whose hasty temper leads him into words or

actions that in calmer and more thoughtful  
moments are subjects of regret.

On the next day, while Mr. Gray stood in  
his own door, from which he could see all  
over the two or three acres of ground that the  
shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his  
own cows in his neighbor's corn field, brows-  
ing away in quite a contented manner. As  
he was going to call one of the farm hands  
to go over and drive them out, he perceived  
that Mr. Barton had become aware of the mis-  
chief that was going on, and had already  
started for the field of corn.

—Now you will see the effect of yesterday's  
lesson, the farmer said to himself; and then  
paused to observe the manner of the shoe-  
maker towards his cattle, in driving them out  
of the field. In a few minutes, Mr. Barton  
came up to the cows—but instead of throw-  
ing stones at them; or striking them with a  
stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet  
way, and put up the bars through which they  
had entered.

—Admirable! ejaculated farmer Gray.

—What is admirable? asked his wife  
who was within hearing distance at the mo-  
ment.

—Why, the lesson I gave our friend Barton  
yesterday, works admirably.

—How so?

—Why, two of our cows were in his corn-  
field a few minutes ago, destroying the corn  
at a rapid rate.

—Well! what he did to them? in a quick  
anxious tone.

—He drove them out.

—Did he stone them, or beat them?

—Oh, no. He was as gentle as a child to-  
ward them.

—You are certainly jesting.

—Not I. Friend Barton has not forgotten  
that his pigs were in my cornfield, yesterday,  
and that I turned them out without hurting a  
hair of one of them. Now, suppose I had  
got angry, and beaten his hogs, what do  
you think the result would have been? Why,  
it is much more than probable, that one or  
both of our fine cows would have been dead  
at this moment in the condition of Mr. Mellon's  
old brindle.

I wish you would not say anything more  
about old brindle, Mrs. Gray said, trying to  
laugh while her face grew red; in spite of  
her efforts, to keep down her feelings.

—Well, I won't, Sally, if it worries you.—  
But it is such a good illustration, that I can-  
not help using it sometimes.

—I am glad he didn't hurt the cows, Mrs.  
Gray said, after a pause.

—And so am I, Sally. Glad on more than  
one account. It shows that he has made an  
effort to keep down his hasty, irritable tem-  
per—and if he can do that, it will be a fa-  
vor conferred on the whole neighborhood; for  
almost every one complains, at times, of this  
fault in his character.

It is certainly the best policy to keep fair  
weather with him, Mrs. Gray remarked;  
for a man of temper could annoy us a great  
deal.

That was a policy, Sally, is not a good  
word, her husband replied. —It conveys a  
thoroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to  
look for some higher motive of action than  
mere policy—motives grounded in correct  
and unselfish principles.

—But what other motive but policy could  
we possibly have for putting up with Mr.  
Barton's outrageous conduct?

—Other, and far higher motives, it seems to  
me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has  
naturally a hasty temper; and that, when ex-  
cited, he does things for which he is sorry  
afterwards—and that, in nine cases out of  
ten, he is a greater sufferer from these out-  
breaks than any one else. In our actions to-  
wards him, then, it is a higher and much bet-  
ter motive for us to be governed by a desire  
to aid him in the correction of this evil, than  
to look merely to the protection of ourselves  
from its effects. Do you not think, so?

—Yes. It does seem so.

When thus moved to action, we are, in a  
degree, regarding the whole neighborhood;  
for the evil of which we speak affects all.—  
And, in thus suffering ourselves to be govern-  
ed by a self-elevated and unselfish motive,  
we gain all that we possibly could have  
gained under the mere instigation of policy—  
and a great deal more. But to bring the  
matter into a still narrower compass. In all  
our actions towards him, and every one else,  
we should be governed by the simple consid-  
eration—is it right? If a spirit of retaliation  
is not right—then it cannot be indulged  
without a mutual injury. Of course then, it  
should never prompt us to action; for if cows or  
hogs get into my field or garden, and destroy  
my property—who is to blame most? Of course,  
myself. I should have kept my fences in  
better repair, or my gate closed. The ani-  
mals are certainly not to blame, for they fol-  
low only the promptings of nature—and  
their owners should not be censured, for they  
know nothing about it. It would, then, be  
very wrong for me to injure both the animals  
and their owners for my own neglect—would  
it not?

—Yes, I suppose it would.

After this, there was no more trouble about  
farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes  
the geese would get among Mr. Barton's  
hogs; and annoy them while eating, but it did  
not worry him as it did formerly. If they  
became too troublesome, he would drive them  
away, but not by throwing sticks and stones  
at them, as he once did.

Later in the fall, the shoemaker brought in  
his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill,  
with sundry credits.

—Pay-day has come at last, the farmer Gray  
said, good humoredly, as the shoemaker pre-  
sented his account. —Well let us see!—and  
he took the bill to examine it, item after item.

—What is this? he asked, reading aloud.

—Cr. By one bushel corn, fifty cents.

—It's some corn I had from you.

I reckon you must be mistaken. You never  
got any corn from me.

—Oh, yes I did. I remember it perfectly.  
It is all right.

—But when did you get it, friend Barton?  
I am sure that I haven't the most distant recol-  
lection of it.

—My hogs got it, the shoemaker said, in  
rather a low and hesitating tone.

—Your hogs!

—Yes. Don't you remember when my hogs

broke into your field, and destroyed your  
corn?

—Oh dear! Is that it? Oh, no, no, friend  
Barton, I cannot allow that item in the bill.

—Yes, but you must. It is perfectly just  
—and I shall never rest until it is paid.

—I can't indeed. You couldn't help your  
hogs getting into my field; and then, you  
know, friend Barton—(lowering his tone)  
—My geese were very troublesome.

The shoemaker blushed, and looked con-  
fused; but farmer Gray slapped him famili-  
arly on the shoulder, and said, in a lively,  
cheerful way—

—Don't think anything more about it, friend  
Barton. And, hereafter, let us endeavor to  
do as we would be done by; and then every-  
thing will go on smooth as clock work.

—But you will allow that item in the bill!  
the shoemaker urged, perseveringly.

—Oh, no; I couldn't do that. I should  
think it wrong to make you pay, for my own  
or some of my men's negligence in leaving  
the bars down.

—But then (hesitatingly) those geese. I  
killed three. Let it go for them.

—If you did kill them—we ate them. So  
that is even. No—no; let the past be forgot-  
ten; and if it makes better neighbors and  
friends of us we never need regret what has  
happened.

Farmer Gray remained firm, and the bill  
was settled, omitting the item of 'corn.'—  
From that time forth, he never had a better  
neighbor than the shoemaker. The cows,  
and hogs, and geese of both, would occasion-  
ally trespass—but the trespassers were al-  
ways kindly removed. The lesson was not  
lost on either of them,—for even farmer Gray  
used to feel, sometimes, a little annoyed when  
his neighbor's cattle broke into his field.—  
But in teaching the shoemaker a lesson, he  
had taken a little of it to himself.

WHAT WILL OTHER PEOPLE SAY.

There is a false necessity with which we  
industriously surround ourselves; a circle that  
never expands; whose iron never changes to  
ductile gold. There is the presence of pub-  
lic opinion; the intolerable restraint of con-  
ventional forms! Under this despotic influ-  
ence, men and women check their best im-  
pulses, suppress their noblest feelings, con-  
ceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for  
full communion with other souls, but dares  
not give utterance to its yearnings. What  
hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Clark or  
the Misses Sheldon will say; or the frown of  
some sect; or the anathema of some synod;  
or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of  
some club; or the misrepresentation of some  
political party. Thou art afraid of thy neigh-  
bor, and knowest thou not that he is equally  
afraid of thee? He has bound thy hands and  
thou hast fettered his feet. It were wise for  
both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk  
onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for  
love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind,  
be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank  
to thee, be frank to him.

What does it concern thee what they say?  
Thy life is not in their hands. They give  
thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee  
anything that is worth the having. Satan  
may promise the kingdoms of the earth, but  
he has not an acre of it to give. He may of-<